

Scout

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1871.

Vol. LL H. PETERSON & CO., 200 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

TERMS: \$1.00 a Year (in Advance) No. 16

OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

The great autumn, like an ancient king,
Chad in bright robes of crimson and gold,
With gems upon his forehead glittering,
Stood forth amid the rugged mountains old.

The dying leaves, like Joseph's coat, appear
Of many colors—red, and gold, and brown;
Some palely green with still-remaining dew,
With every passing wind come rustling down.

How deeply silent is this powerful wood,
Lately with summer's songsters thronged;
No robin's note disturbs the solitude,
No brown thrush sings his happy life away.

A dreary haze hangs over the distant hills,
Half veiling, half revealing them to view;
And still the sun, the sun with golden face,
And still the sky is deeply, deeply blue.

A little longer, and the light will fade;
A little longer, and the leaves will fall;
The latest flowers will drop in gloom and shade,
And soon the cold snow will cover all.

Skate the Scout;

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE HELICON.

One afternoon, near the close of the month of April, in the year 1813, the small American schooner Helicon, was to be seen crossing the waters of Lake Erie, not very distant from the western shore. The vessel had been sent by Commodore Perry, then organizing a fleet on the Lake, to make a reconnaissance in the vicinity of the mouth of Detroit river and of the islands near which in the month of September following he won his brilliant victory over the British. Returning, the Helicon was to approach the shore near the mouth of the river Raisin and land a number of scouts she had on board, who were to proceed through the forest covering the region between the above named river and the Maumee, acquaint themselves if possible with the numbers and probable movements of the British and their savage allies, and then inform General Harrison of the facts that he was to obtain. Her mission so far had been successfully accomplished, and the vessel was now on her way toward safer waters. Once more she was to approach the shore and land a few remaining frontiersmen, and then she would make directly for port.

Soon after leaving the mouth of the Raisin, the weather, which heretofore had been extremely favorable, suddenly changed. A severe squall had been safely experienced, but now the wind had veered to the north-west, blowing directly upon shore, with every indication of an approaching gale. The sky was obscured with cold, misty clouds, which, though rainless, gave a gloom to the agitated waters, and cast a shadow over the hearts of those on board that little vessel. Anxious hearts they were, for they knew their situation was one of many perils.

The Captain was on deck watching the appearance of the skies and feeling that there was little hope for a speedy and favorable change in the weather. He was a fearless, honest-looking man, his features bronzed by long exposure, his hair grizzled, not much more than age as a continental and action, and his whole expression denoting the gallant seaman, loving his vocation and steadfast in the performance of his duties.

Near Captain Morris stood a tall, finely proportioned man, with handsome features, wearing on them a look of command and intellectual superiority. He was attired in the uniform of an American colonel, though his garb was faded and worn, as if he had recently seen arduous service. In his hand was a powerful field-glass with which he swept the dark and gloomy horizon of water toward the west, remarking after a long and earnest gaze:

"No land visible yet, Captain?"

"And I pray God there will not be soon. With this nor-easter so strong against us, I fear we will be unable to keep out of sight of the shore much longer. I am endeavoring to head the vessel well off, but this gale is insistent. We cannot think now of laying to again, but will make directly for Cleveland if possible."

"The danger from shipwreck no doubt is great," said the first speaker; "but I presume that is not our greatest peril. The woods we know are full of British and Indians, and if we should reach the shore alive we should probably fall into their hands. How cruel they are let the massacre at Frenchtown attest."

"Yes! the bloody braggarts!" exclaimed a voice from a person, staggering up with the uncertain and awkward tread of one entirely unused to walking a deck. "If we are thrown into their clutches there'll be nothing left of us but our bones in a mighty little time. Lord keep our powder dry if we're to be cast on yonder shore. Hiram Skale don't want to meet the red-coats and redskins both, with a damp rifle, and nothing in his powder-bag but Erie water."

Captain and Colonel turned toward the speaker. He was a fine representative of that daring and danger-loving class known as scouts or frontiersmen—men more valuable to an army or a settlement in the times of which we write than at the present, perhaps, can well be imagined. He was large-framed, without a particle of superfluous flesh, but



DEFENSE OF THE ISLAND BY THE BACKWOODSMEN, SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

muscular, and with sinews strong as twisted steel. His features were rough and bronzed, but in them shone a look of manliness, courage and self-reliance—the month particularly expressing unusual determination. His name, as he has already given it, was Hiram Skale, known on the frontier and especially in General Harrison's army as one of the most daring, indomitable and successful scouts in the whole Northwest. He differed from the majority of his class in the fact that he was less given than they to "strong" language, meaning thereby, profanity, and also in his superior intelligence, for he was a man of educational acquirements, though long association with the frontiersmen had caused him to forget in a great measure his early culture. He was an Indian fighter and an Indian hater of the most formidable type. He had abundant reason for his hostility toward the savages, for years ago his wife had been cruelly murdered by them in her home, his two children, a boy and a girl carried into captivity, where it was supposed they had perished, and his house and crops destroyed. All this in one night! Leaving his farm to whomsoever might take it—the horror-stricken husband and father, burning with a desire for revenge, left the settlement, and since that dreadful hour had employed himself in unremitting warfare against the destroyers of his family and his happiness. It is impossible for a humanitarian in this day to understand the hatred that men who like Hiram Skale, had lost all—and though rough woodsmen perhaps, that all was very dear to them—through the treachery and cruelty of the savages, bore in their bosoms against their forest foes. It was simply terrible, and the more so because these borderers believed they were doing a good work in assisting to exterminate the merciless red men. Skale gave no quarter to an Indian, and he asked none.

When he met one of these red rovers, it was to engage in mortal combat. Hitherto he had always come off victorious, though he bore on his person a dozen hideous scars, the marks of his many encounters with his savage foes. Such was Hiram Skale—brave, generous and humane in his intercourse with the whites, but a tiger, a demon, when he thought of his murdered wife and her unborn babe, and saw before him those whose race had worked him such horrible injury.

He was dressed in the usual pioneer garb: green hunting shirt, buckskin breeches and fur cap. In his belt hung his keen-edged knife, and close at hand was his prized and trusty rifle. For this weapon he had an affection almost laughable to witness. He made it his constant companion; talked to it; praised it; and declared he would rather lose his right eye than "old trusty."

"You would be safe enough, Skale, on shore," said Captain Morris, humorously. "The danger would be to the redskins. If they see our vessel drifting toward the shore, it would be well for them to leave for the interior at once. They can't kill you; but you would be sure to lessen their numbers considerably."

"What I'm afraid of, Captain, is being drowned and then washed ashore for them to eat," said Skale, with a grimace. "I'd rather be there now than on that shaky floor that keeps a lifting as if an earthquake was under it. But what'll become of the rest of ye, if you don't sink, is hard to say. I'm powerfully uneasy about your daughter, Colonel Westburn—Isabel shouldn't have come. I had my doubts about it at first."

A deeper shade of anxiety passed over the face of the officer. He looked again toward the driving clouds and the foaming waters, and then turned to descend to the cabin.

"State the danger to them," spoke Captain Morris as the Colonel passed a moment, "but do not unnecessarily alarm them. There is no hope for an improvement in the weather, and we might as well prepare ourselves for the worst. We have two good boats, so there is a chance for us still. We have no coward on board, thank Heaven."

"If so, my daughter is not among them," the Colonel replied, as he disappeared down the hatchway. He entered the cabin where an anxious group awaited his coming. The uneasy look which he endeavored in vain to put in part off was quickly noticed by those present, already aware in a measure of the seriousness of the situation.

"What has the Captain to say now, Colonel?" inquired one, though I see by your countenance you have no cheerful report to make. Let us know the truth, for it cannot exceed our apprehensions.

The Colonel's anxiety was not on his own account, but on that of his beloved and beautiful daughter, whom we must now introduce. The circumstances that led to her being on board were briefly these: Colonel Philip Westburn, the soldierly looking man, whom his title became so well, to a year preceding the breaking out of the war had been a resident of Detroit, though his home was in Cleveland, where he possessed a large and valuable estate.

He had gone to Michigan with his wife and daughter for the sake of the former's health, and had been caught in the whirlwind of war, in consequence of her increased illness and the impossibility of removing her home. She died, leaving his daughter Isabel in the care of some relatives. Mr. Westburn had joined the army under the incompetent, if not treasonable, Hull, and had shared the disasters and humiliations of that first campaign. With great personal honor, though, for he had attained to the rank of colonel, and was one of the bravest and most popular officers in the army. He had been liberated on his parole, and with his daughter had obtained permission to remove from Detroit to Frenchtown, farther south on the River Raisin. His brother had resided at this place, but had joined General Winchester's army, and became one of the victims of the terrible disaster that befell that officer.

Desiring to leave the scene of so much personal bereavement, he had obtained passage for himself and daughter on board the Helicon to Cleveland, on the occasion of the boat of the schooner landing Harrison's scouts, as before mentioned. It was an accidental opportunity, but it was eagerly embraced.

Isabel Westburn was worthy to be called a soldier's daughter. She did not appear to be more than twenty years of age, and in her the dignity of the woman was beautifully united with the shyness and youthful grace of the girl. Her figure was slender, but with no appearance of frailty, a flexible strength being obviously possessed by her. Her features were regular in every lineament, of a pure Grecian type; but in addition and superior to this attraction they were distinguished by that subtle, indefinable and wondrous something which every one recognizes, and which by many is called fascination, by others magical expression, and by still more is not called at all, but fully felt as the real essence of beauty.

Her eyes were blue, her complexion very fair, and though of late her cheeks had been often wet with tears of grief, they had not washed entirely out the soft rose color that so delicately tinged the downy skin. Her hair, which was indeed woman's glory, since wanting that she is wanting all, was abundant and rich, but of what particular color it would be impossible to say, since in the sunlight it was one and in the shadow another. As she stood in the gloom of that narrow cabin it seemed dusky as midnight, but had a sudden sun-gleam struck it, you would have called it golden.

Her whole aspect was thoroughly feminine, but none would have dared to call her weak and womanish—womanly was the term that described her—the noble correlative of that other term—manly.

The character of Isabel Westburn will be unfolded as our story proceeds; it is enough now to say that a face with the attractive power of hers could not belong to one in whom either mind, heart or soul was wanting.

She moved toward her father as he entered and embraced him, not without a look of alarm in her face, for they were serious words that he spoke, but also with an expression that showed how deep her affection for him was, now that he was almost the only one left to her, and he too with herself was in appalling peril. Even as he informed them of the fears of the captain, a shiver seemed to enfold the little vessel, and a stronger wind to howl above. Isabel noticed the increased fury of the storm, and her father said:

"Courage, my daughter; there is a hope for us yet."

"I am trying to be brave," she answered, "and yet it is very terrible."

"It is indeed, Miss Westburn," spoke a rich voice not far from her side. "But your steady self-possession under such circumstances is an example for us all."

A soft flush overspread the face of Isabel. The speaker was a young man of perhaps three-and-twenty years, of fine, commanding person, and an open, attractive countenance. He would have been noted at once in any place where he went as a stranger, as an individual of superior endowments. His noble bearing—his handsome and pleasing features—the clear gleam of his dark eyes—his courteous speech, and the look of character, culture and intelligence he possessed would all have been observed, and would have inclined the beholder in his favor. His name was Earnest Halliwell, and he too had embarked with the colonel and his daughter from the settlement mentioned. He was a major in the American army, though he was not uniform to indicate his rank. Volunteering at the commencement of hostilities, though of wealthy and distinguished family, he had placed himself in the ranks, winning his way to his present position by personal merit alone. He had marched with General Winchester to the relief of the settlement on the Raisin, and had been one of the few survivors of that disastrous expedition, escaping, wounded, from the scene of the massacre, but being captured afterward and retained a prisoner at Detroit until ransomed by a friend at that place. He was one of that beaten, tortured band of captives who were paraded for sale by their savage enemies through the streets of Detroit, until pity caused his countrymen to purchase his release, together with that of many of his suffering comrades.

He had been acquainted with Colonel Westburn and his daughter but a day or two, though the Colonel was not ignorant of his family, and was very glad to meet the young soldier.

"I fear I am a hypocrite, Major Halliwell," said Isabel, in response to his compliment; "for though I keep up a show of assurance, I am in reality very much alarmed and distressed. Shipwreck must be dreadful, but my chief apprehension arises out of the fact that we are so near a hostile shore. Since the recent atrocities committed by the savages, I have been unable to contemplate without horror the idea of falling into their hands."

"Do not think of it, I beg of you. When the danger becomes more imminent it will be impossible to ignore it; but till then let us close our eyes to it. I pray God you may never become the captive of the Indians!" concluded the young man, fervently. His look expressed more perhaps than his words,

for the young lady detected in his glance something that made her feel that his interest in her welfare was extraordinary for a comparative stranger, and blushing softly, she assured him of her gratitude for his evident sympathy for her in their trying position.

Colonel Westburn, who had not spoken since informing the group in the cabin of the Captain's apprehensions, sighed deeply as Isabel replied to the Major.

"My God!" was his agonizing thought, "I have lost her saintly mother, and must I now lose her? Let me perish in these stormy waters, rather than survive them both. Isabel," he said, aloud, "I know not what may be the end of this; I pray that we both live or both die; we have strong boats, and if driven toward the shore, may effect a landing; but I want you now while there is time, and we are together, to take these; and—and—if you should fall into the hands of the savages, keep them concealed, if possible, about your person, and use them against yourself in the last extremity. I love you too well to have you long alive in the power of those forest demons."

He produced a pair of pistols of exquisite finish, which, though small and light, might be very serviceable weapons in a dire emergency. He took them tremblingly, placed them securely in a belt she wore, and was about to give her father a dreadful promise, when Major Halliwell, who had comprehended the meaning of it all, broke impulsively in with:

"Colonel Westburn, forgive me. I know what you would require of your daughter, and feel that you are almost justifiable in asking this of her. Like me, you know by experience the utter cruelty of the savages. But I have found that while there is life there is hope. Not till you are known to be dead—no till I have fallen, require Isabel to do this thing. Promise me this and I will be happy."

There was no mistaking the meaning of the young soldier's tone and looks—the secret of his earnestness. He was beginning to love the beautiful being who was the sharer of their peril. And in the heart of Isabel a strange, sweet influence was at work—a feeling that overpowered the sense of danger, and made her for a moment seem safe on those lifting waters, and happy in that hour of gathering danger.

"Be it so," sighed the father, in response.

A look of joy shone in the young man's face.

"With God's help, I will save you yet, Miss Westburn. Isabel!" he exclaimed, "the way is dark before us; but there may be a path to safety still. And to her love, he added, in his heart."

The other occupants, not yet mentioned, were a gentleman named Ashton—a distant relative of Major Halliwell—and the attendant of Isabel, a comely young lass of eighteen or nineteen.

It was now near four o'clock. The merciless north-easter increased in fury, the waves rolled wilder around the vessel, and the tired and almost despairing crew could hardly keep the deck. Suddenly from the foremast of the straining Helicon rang the alarming cry:

"Land, ho!"

"Where away?" called Captain Morris.

of the Captain; Hiram Skale and his fellows, now gathered below in the stern, and our friends in the cabin listened to the dashing of the waves over the deck of the fatal vessel.

After a protracted silence in the stern, Captain Morris descended with two scouts visible in his countenance than might be expected.

"It is not so bad as it might be, now," he said as he reached the deck. "Though there's no telling how it will end. We were on shore, but on a point that I am familiarly well acquainted with. I have my plan formed. Fowler, take the wheel, and do your best, or we are lost. We are not going to strike hard, for it's my idea to run the old Helicon clear of the rocks and pick her up as a second boat. The old lady's covered, and I'll try and show her some good work. Ready, now, all! we're going in first. Ready with the boats, call off up from below, and don't one of you get out the cover."

He gave a few brief directions, and then returned to his position at the foremast. From that distance he soon had determined to give his further orders, as the "lay" of the shore that was now being rapidly approached could best be seen from there, and on the best and quickest use of their opportunities the Captain felt depended the lives of all. A look of confidence was on his face, and the crew gathered round him from the example and confidence of their brave commander.

"I'll feel better when I get ashore," remarked Hiram Skale. "There's Captain Morris enjoys a shipwreck, that's plain; looks quite cheerful over it; just as if he over a fight with the redskins. If I see only keep old Trusty and a little dry powder I shall be satisfied for my part. But, boys, there's the young lady—don't none of you forget her. That girl," he concluded aside to his comrades, "has done well for us. I've heard she's a beauty, but I'm afraid, if we do get the shore alive; but we must see her through or die."

It was a fearful moment for those gathered on that foam-dashed deck. Behind them and on either side spread and loomed the angry waves, as if hungering for their victims. Before them a forest of jagged rocks, which they were driving with fearful speed. Between them and the wood lay a low line of sand—a temporary bar built by the waves—and it was toward this almost submerged spot that the schooner was being forced. Captain Morris now left his position in the foremast to seek the very picture of the coming calm, as he early would be were he to remain.

Clear and sharp rang his orders, and each was instantly obeyed. With his hat off and his gray hair streaming in the gale, his face flushed with exertion, but showing evidence of confidence, he looked the very picture of the sea-hero, conscious of danger, yet brave to meet it, and defiant of the storm.

Nearer—still nearer swept the callous vessel. No further order was given, for none was needed. In awful expectancy those on board awaited the inevitable shock. It came, but not as they expected. The vessel fell its little moment of final triumph, the gallant little Helicon was lifted upon their crests, and with vindictive force cast upon the sandy shore. An involuntary cry arose from the now terrified crew and passengers, and then all was confusion and blindness.

CHAPTER II.

THE WRECK.

Lifted on the shoulders of an enormous wave, the Helicon was carried far up the shore, striking with fearful violence, but escaping destruction, in consequence of plunging into the soft sand, instead of against unyielding rock. When the wave receded, the schooner was left for a short time almost entirely out of water, but a returning billow again deluged her, though she was not carried back into the lake. She was for a moment submerged in the sand and soft soil for that.

"Jump for your lives!" was the cry of Captain Morris as he saw that, as he had calculated, the vessel was for a moment out of the grasp of the waves.

Assisted by her father and Major Halliwell, Isabel Westburn and her maid escaped the fearful leap.

"Courage, my child, you will be saved," cried the former, as springing from the deck he awaited her below. She commanded Milly to follow her, and then sprang into his arms. The Major was by her side in a moment, and she was soon placed out of danger. Milly was similarly aided, and before the returning waves again struck the wreck all had left the deck.

"Thank God! we are for the present safe, though this is only the first danger!" ejaculated Colonel Westburn, as reaching the wildly committ of the island he looked toward the helpless Helicon. He looked toward the mainland also, and with a mighty apprehension, for he knew the forest swarmed with enemies, and they might at any moment discover the unhappy castaways. But darkness was now settling over the scene, and it was possible that they would escape immediate notice.

"We must necessarily pass an uncomfortable night," he said when he returned to the others, "but we cannot be too grateful for our present deliverance. In the morning our first effort must be to provide ourselves with arms and ammunition. Even if discovered to-night, we need not fear an attack, for it is not possible for enemies or boats to reach us from the mainland. If the wreck goes to pieces before morning, we shall be utterly defenseless."

"The boats are yet safe," said Captain Morris, pointing toward the wreck. Gallant old girl! how she holds to her babies. They give us one chance, for when the lake partly subsides, we will put off seaward as soon as they can be launched."

But while the brave old seaman spoke, as if to prove how uncertain were their prospects of escape, a furious wave dashed shoreward,

"I am determined to
me for my money?"
ever," said Major Lyndall in honest in-
"he despised
any one but you. Not that he made

He knew it in a moment. It was that Richard Mould, the master of Trevegar. Demeanor strong, naturally healthy as was, Hugh Maitland was helpless now.

used this season for ornamenting the hair, instead of flowers, and are vastly more becoming and stylish.

frightened out of her wits, she ran into the passage and anticipated him.

"What's happened?" she asked. "He and down on the top of the stairs and told her. Montgomery wanted to take me for a ride," he went on by saying, "They've found me out, and the whole of them will be coming. They'll never rest until they've driven me back into the old way of life again."

"Oh, Vance!"

Something runs in the little woman's throat, and she could utter only three two words. But there must have been a freight path in her voice, for the young man raised

"Barbara, my good angel," he whispered, and his arm slid about her waist. "Neither father nor friends shall ever separate us here. (God bless you, darling!) If you wanted my

"You called yourself an outcast that first morning you were here," Barbara resumes touchingly. "You see there are two of us

"You," she returned, proudly. "I am

In his room one day, building "castles in Spain," I suppose, when the door opened suddenly, and the lovely vision of a young girl, who had never seen, entered the threshold.

The next instant five round, plump arms encircled her neck, a warm cheek delicately touched with pink was laid against her own, and a sweet, bell-like voice asked the question:

"Are you Miss Barbara Reed?"

"Our little woman could only nod her head, so great was her bewilderment."

"I knew it," cried the "lovely vision."

"I have come to stay with you, Miss Reed. May I?"

"Who are you?" asked Barbara, "and why do you wish to stay with me?"

The plump arms tightened in their embrace, and the pink cheek white-faced of night on the little woman's cheek.

"I'm Elsie Stuyvesant," piped the sweet, coaxing voice. "A sort of second cousin of Vance's, you see, and—and—"

Elsie broke down utterly, and began to sob.

As for Barbara, a cold shiver had seemed to clasp about her heart strings; a chill ran over her face from head to foot.

"And you love Vance," she stammered, in a voice that startled even herself.

"You," said Elsie. "I've loved him ever since I can remember. Don't think me bold for telling this to you, a stranger. I know what you have done for Vance, and I'm glad of it."

"Who told you where to find him?"

"Mr. Montgomery. And I learned it rest from—from others."

Barbara sat like a block of marble. She let the girl kiss and fondle her, and for some minutes said nothing. But she felt sick and weary, and she had that within which made her drive.

At last she spoke. "What did you mean by asking if you might stay with me, Miss Montgomery?"

"Call me Elsie, please. You see I've been anxious about Vance. I was true to him from first to last. But I didn't know where to find him. Was it dirty, my dear, to ask, and had to keep it to myself? At last Mr. Montgomery told me that he had seen my cousin and where."

"You, yes."

"Then I ran away from all those hateful people," confessed the sweet voice. "And I'll never go back again. Now Vance will go to Alaska, if you say."

"Of course you may remain."

Barbara felt touched by this devotion, and she knew it would not be without its effect upon Vance. She asked herself with a jealous little pang, why he had never spoken of this girl to her. Had it for some reason

"I only hope she is not arsed and false," she thought, with some secret misgivings, for somehow it seemed as if Elsie had not dealt frankly with her.

Vance was out, and at least an hour elapsed before he returned. He turned very pale at the first sight of Elsie's plump, doll-like face, and then he turned as red as a tomato.

"You, here? He stammered, looking disconcerted, and not very well pleased.

The girl slipped his hand into his with a pretty coquettish gesture.

"I've found you, Vance," she whispered, "and I don't intend to lose sight of you again. If you will stick in this rusty old Mag alias, what I will stay here too."

He could not help feeling flattered.

"You're a darling, Elsie," he exclaimed, squeezing that plump little hand. "Heaven bless you!"

A great deal more was said. Barbara watched them two narrowly. They were so happy, so full of life and handshakes, she thought so well suited to each other. What a pity that an ugly, homesome woman like herself should stand in their way.

"I'll not stand in it," she decided, with a secret pang. "If Vance has only wooed me out of gratitude, he shall have his freedom again, and I will shorten his life, or the life of that innocent girl."

Ah, noble-hearted Barbara! You had no idea what a heroine you were at that moment.

That night she only said to Vance, "Don't tell Elsie of our engagement. There will be time enough for that by-and-by. She might get jealous." "I will never," he promised.

He colored in some confusion, but yielded the point without a demur.

Barbara waited patiently and silently. She tried to take Elsie to her heart, but, for some reason, failing in that, she all the more willingly shared with her her "bed and board," and brought the two, Vance and the girl, together every day.

As the days passed, she could not help seeing that he became more and more deeply interested in her younger and fairer rival. "I used to think Elsie a child," he confessed, on one occasion. "But she is developing into a glorious womanhood."

"It is true," said Barbara briefly.

She knew that she was crying, now or later. It seemed as if there were

who had poed nearly all their lives among clean people, should belong to each other. She felt old and soiled and carcass beside them. She was not of their kind. If Vance married her, he would always be a burden on her life always a sorrow.

In Elsie's case, every thing was so different. It was the one chance, doubtless, of reuniting him to the friends of his more prosperous days.

One morning Vance came into her room while she was sitting there alone. Elsie had stepped out on some errand or other. They were not likely to be interrupted. She thought, and her very heart stood still—she saw her duty so plainly.

"Stepping towards him, and looking at him steadily, she said:

"I've been thinking over your affairs and mine, my darling. And I know it is better that we separate. We've made a mistake, and we'd better set it right as soon as possible."

He stared at her in blank surprise. "What can you mean?" he faltered.

